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THE BYSTANDER July 10, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, July 10, 1940 No. 1908. Vol. CXLVII.

The Bystander

Fred Daniels

Governmental Film Star: Elisabeth Bergner

Part of your income-tax this year goes to Miss Bergner for working in the first non-documentary Ministry of Information film ever. Raymond Massey, whose brother Vincent, High Commissioner for Canada, is co-operating in the production, is to have the chief masculine part in the film, which is tentatively called *On the Ninth Parallel*. In a sudden burst of life after ten dormant months, the M. of I. sent Miss Bergner and a complete film unit under director Michael Powell off to Canada on location at twenty-four hours' notice, and the production is being rushed through as quickly as possible. Austrian-born, British-naturalised Miss Bergner has cancelled her contract to make *Rings on Her Fingers* for Paramount over here for the sake of this nationally important excursus, which promises to result in a first-rate propaganda film

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE seizure of the French fleet in British harbours is magnificent news. But the official communiqué still leaves a gap. The French ships in North Africa have been dealt with. But what ships were there in Toulon? That is a most important point, which has not yet been cleared up. As for the French Admiral in Oran, who preferred to join the traitors of Bordeaux, it is not worth while wasting words on him.

TALKING of the Bordeaux boys, I see that they are setting up the Government of France in the Casino at Vichy. They could not have chosen a more admirable spot, completely in harmony with their own amount of dignity. All round them will echo the ghostly voices of generations of croupiers murmuring "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs, Faites vos jeux." And then, later on, murmuring, "Le jeu est fait. Rien ne va plus."

MR. LIONEL HALE, playwright, journalist, wit, has unearthed a letter written by Mirabeau to Marie Antoinette in 1790. It contains this passage: "Those who wield the real power—the Aristocrats, the Bankers, the stock-jobbers, the wealthy merchants, the State functionaries—do not love France. They would rather see France ruled by despotic German princelings than by the people of France. Only the people of France, madame, can save France from her inner and outer foes."

THE Soviet long-term strategy is extremely able. The Russians have now tied up their defensive frontiers from Viborg to the mouths of the Danube very neatly indeed. They had a reasonable claim to Bessarabia, but none whatever to northern Bukovina, which was Austrian for 150 years before the first World War. The Russians have simply taken Bukovina because it made an awkward salient between their new lands in Poland and Bessarabia. Besides, Cernauti, the capital of Bukovina, sits heavily on the railway from the Rumanian oil-fields to German-occupied Poland.

IT is a strange fatality that just at this juncture M. Reynaud should have received serious head-injuries in a motor-accident. It appears that he was driving himself, and that his car suddenly and inexplicably skidded. M. Reynaud was the one French statesman who might have unfurled the French political oriflamme, just as General de Gaulle is unfurling the military oriflamme. If he had reached Morocco, he might have rallied General Noguès. Instead, he had a severe accident. What a bit of luck for Messieurs les Traîtres de Bordeaux. Or was it luck? People who oppose Nazis and Fascists have an unfortunate way of running into accidents, as Roehm, Dollfuss, Matteotti, Generals von Schleicher and Fritsch, and perhaps—who knows?—even Italo Balbo have found out to their cost.

Refugee *Queen Geraldine has, with her husband, King Zog of Albania, led a picaresque life since they were forced from their country by the Italian invasion of Easter 1939. Latest stage was their arrival, with their son, Prince Alexander, who was born at the time of the invasion, in London from France*

GRAZIANI has returned to North Africa, the scene of many of his best murders. He scored well in Abyssinia after a bomb had been thrown at him in Addis Ababa, but his finest achievement was in the north, when he drove 80,000 Bedouins into a desert and simply left them there to die of hunger and thirst.

THE Huns have announced that their total casualties for the Battles of France and Flanders amounted to 156,000. I think that probably this is a substantially accurate figure after you have allowed for the amiable Hun foible of underestimating his losses by one hundred per cent. I never believed in our "authoritative" estimate which placed his losses in the two battles at half a million. It seemed to me to be too high, and I made a rough shot at 250,000-300,000. The official Boche figure confirms my estimate, when you have reckoned in the 100 per cent. error.

THE enemy is lying round us in a vast and menacing ring, and yet we still are stifled, tangled, wrapped, stultified by the army of fools who live by, with and for Red Tape. The Civil Services undertook the running of the war in September 1939, and refused to allow outsiders even to make suggestions—let alone actively help. Even now they continue to strangle the national effort, at this supreme crisis. Only three of our leaders have ruthlessly trampled on the bureaucrats, and they are the men who are going to provide the Prime Minister with the means to victory—Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. Ernest Bevin, and Lord Beaverbrook.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, Minister for Home Security, was the terror of the terrorists in Bengal. He was fearless and he was ruthless, and he was victorious. Now, with a vastly more important job, he is gentle and ladylike.

Married: *A. G. Macdonell and his Viennese wife, Rosie Paul-Scheff, were married ten days ago and are now living in Chelsea. Mr. Macdonell (now our second oldest contributor) has written 400 articles for the "Bystander" since 1933: he began to review books for us soon after he published "England, Their England." Then he became a double contributor, writing "Standing By" as well, later giving up the book page. Finally he handed "Standing By" on to D. B. Wyndham Lewis, and himself set to work (on April 1st, 1936) on a new feature, "The Passing Hour." The only weeks he has missed writing for us during seven years are those he spent in America and the East*

***Commander** of the free French Naval forces and associate in London of General de Gaulle, Vice-Admiral Muselier was able to announce last week that no capital ship of the French Navy was in German or Italian hands, and that many vessels had rallied to General de Gaulle's cause. A proportion of the sailors have asked to join the British Navy, rather than be sent back to France or interned. Admiral Muselier, a collaborator of M. Clemenceau in the last war, had an exciting time during his escape from France. Hearing of Armistice plans while working at Bordeaux, he reversed the usual refugee procedure by rushing to Paris, destroying secret plans and plant as the Germans entered the city, and getting away to Marseilles by means of abandoned cars, horses, and a fire-engine. There he rallied sufficient crew to man a warship and set sail for Gibraltar*

As Mr. Timothy Shy said the other day in the *News Chronicle*, he has crashed down upon the "Link" with all the devastating weight of a puff-ball upon a fairy's cheek.

THE controversy about Mr. Chamberlain and his former colleagues who are still in the Government is getting hotter. The National Union of Railwaymen brought it to the fore by their unanimous resolution last week, demanding the resignation of the Lord President of the Council. The situation is exceedingly delicate and may become more so at any moment. There are strong and influential forces on both sides.

IF the Purchase-Tax is applied to books, it will, I think, go a long way towards the destruction of the book-trade. Already the trade has been hit disastrously by the war, and any further rise in the cost of books might be the last straw. And yet people want to read in these days. A country without books would be in a sad state, because books are the raw material of education. If we destroy our books and rely entirely on the B.B.C.—— But no! the imagination cannot be stretched sufficiently to conjure up the minds of the next generation.

WHY doesn't the Ministry of Information take compulsory powers to make all cinemas show any announcement on the screen which the Ministry wishes to communicate to the people? Advice on A.R.P., for example; instructions on how to act in the event of an invasion; orders about salvage and waste. There are a dozen highly important things which the citizenry ought to be told, not once, but over and over again, and the cinema is one of the best ways of telling them.

THE wastage of paper continues to be enormous. Every day I get circulars of sales, advertisements, pamphlets, and so on, thrust in my letter-box. Firms still send out elaborate "with compliments" on large sheets of paper. Packings and wrappings are still absurdly overdone. I actually got an advertisement of a sale last week which had the impertinence to start with the words "Spend to Defend."

THE internment of Class C Austrians continues without any apparent guiding principle. Men are taken from one district and left in another. Some are treated civilly by the police, some are treated with discourtesy. But the really incomprehensible thing is the internment of doctors and scientists. These men could be—and are longing to be—of service to the State, and yet they are carried off to internment just as if they were members of the British Union of Fascisti.

I WENT the other day to the new Neighbourhood Theatre, in Harrington Road, South Kensington, to see *Thunder Rock*, a play by an American playwright, Mr. Robert Ardrey. As I sat in my seat and watched the audience rolling in, my heart sank. It reminded me of unhappy far-off days in the British Museum Reading Room. But the moment the curtain went up, everything changed and I sat spellbound through three magnificent acts. *Thunder Rock* is by far the most exciting theatrical experience I have had for years. It is a great play. I strongly advise everyone to join the Neighbourhood. Half a dollar a year is not ruinous. The address is 38, Harrington Road, S.W.7; KEN 7505.

"BEACHCOMBER" came out with a curious little paragraph a few days ago. He was talking about the legends of national characteristics, such as, for example, the legend that all Frenchmen live exclusively on frogs'-legs. He went on to say that one of the most difficult legends to kill—or words to that effect—was the connection of the Italians with ice-cream. But who wants to kill it? It has the merit of being true, and it has the merit of being comic. It almost sounded as if "Beachcomber" wanted to protect the poor little hokey-pokey men.

***New Member** of Parliament for Bournemouth, Sir Leonard Lyle, arrived at the House of Commons last week with Lady Lyle to take his seat. Sir Leonard is head of the big Tate and Lyle sugar firm, and this is not his first parliamentary experience, as he sat as a Conservative for the Stratford Division of West Ham from 1918-22 and was Mr. Churchill's immediate predecessor as Member for Epping in 1923-24. Lady Lyle is the elder daughter of Sir John Jarvis, Member for Guildford*

***New Peer** leaving his home to take his seat in the House of Lords last week is Lord Nathan, formerly Labour M.P. for Central Wandsworth, the seat now occupied by Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour. Lord Nathan is Chairman of the National Defence Public Interest Committee, Honorary Colonel of an Anti-Aircraft Battalion and Honorary Air Commodore of a Balloon Squadron. One of the original officers of the Territorial Army, he served in the last war in Egypt, Gallipoli and France. Lady Nathan is a J.P. and a member of the London County Council*

Mr. Harvey and the Hon. Mary Coke

Thomas Harvey, Scots Guards, and the Hon. Mary Katharine Coke were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street. He is the son of the late Colonel John Harvey, and Mrs. Harvey, of Ringstead Bury, Norfolk. She is the younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Coke, of Sowley, Lymington, Hants., and granddaughter of the Earl of Leicester

Capt. Davie and the Hon. Anne Boot

Captain John Edward Jocelyn Davie, Derbyshire Yeomanry, and the Hon. Margaret Anne Boot were married at St. Mary's, Nottingham. He is the younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel B. G. Davie, and Mrs. Davie, of Stanton, Rowsley, Derbyshire. She is the third daughter of Lord and Lady Trent, of Lenton House, Notts., and Glenborrodale Castle, Argyllshire

Miss Stirling, Capt. the Hon. Simon Ramsay

Captain the Hon. Simon Ramsay, Black Watch, is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Dalhousie. Margaret Stirling is the elder daughter of the late Brig.-General Archibald Stirling of Keir, and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, of Keir House, Dunblane, Perthshire, and 10, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3, and cousin of Lord Lovat. They were married in the private chapel at Keir House

At the Harvey-Coke Wedding

Mrs. Edgar Brassey and Mrs. Hugh Peacock were two of the guests at the Harvey-Coke wedding last week. Next to them are Viscountess Coke, the Hon. Mrs. Simon Combe, and Pilot Officer the Hon. David Coke, R.A.F.V.R., the bride's mother, sister, and younger brother. On the right is the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton

Lady Patricia French and Viscount French

Lady Patricia French and her eighteen-year-old brother were two of the performers in the stoolball matches played in the Inner Temple Gardens in aid of the Red Cross. They are the children of the Earl of Ypres, grandchildren of the late Field-Marshal

Lieut. Duff and Miss Pound and the First Sea Lord

A big naval wedding took place when Lieut. D. R. Duff, R.N., and Barbara Diana Pound were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square. He is the son of Admiral Sir Arthur and Lady Duff, of Var Trees, Moreton, Dorset. She is the daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, and Lady Pound. Her father, with her and her husband here, gave her away

Christening of Sir John and Lady Heygate's Son

Richard George Heygate was christened at Warbleton, Sussex. He is the second son of Sir John Heygate, Bt., now an A.A. gunner, and Lady Heygate, who was Gwyneth Eliot before her 1936 marriage to Sir John Heygate as his second wife. Besides Sir John and Lady Heygate (holding her son) in this group are Lady Violet Powell and Princess Helena Yuravitch, proxy for Lieut. Anthony Powell and Capt. Leslie Grant, the two godfathers, and Mrs. Sylvester Gates, godmother

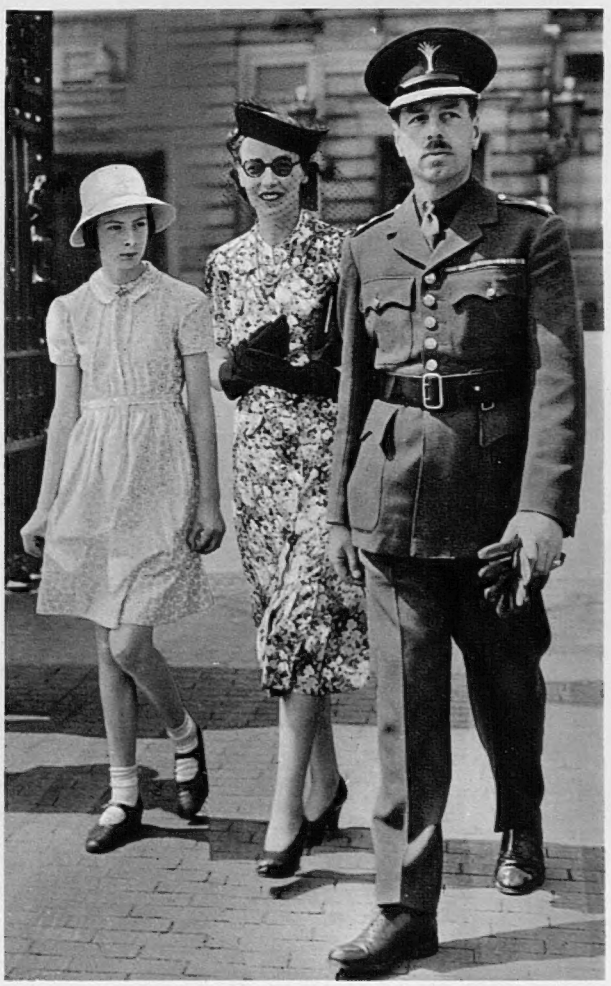
Social Register

Stoolball Pupil and Expert

Mr. W. W. Grantham, K.C., organised the Red Cross stoolball matches. He is the game's greatest expert, has written a book on its history and technique. With him is Lady Moyra Ponsonby, who was another of the players

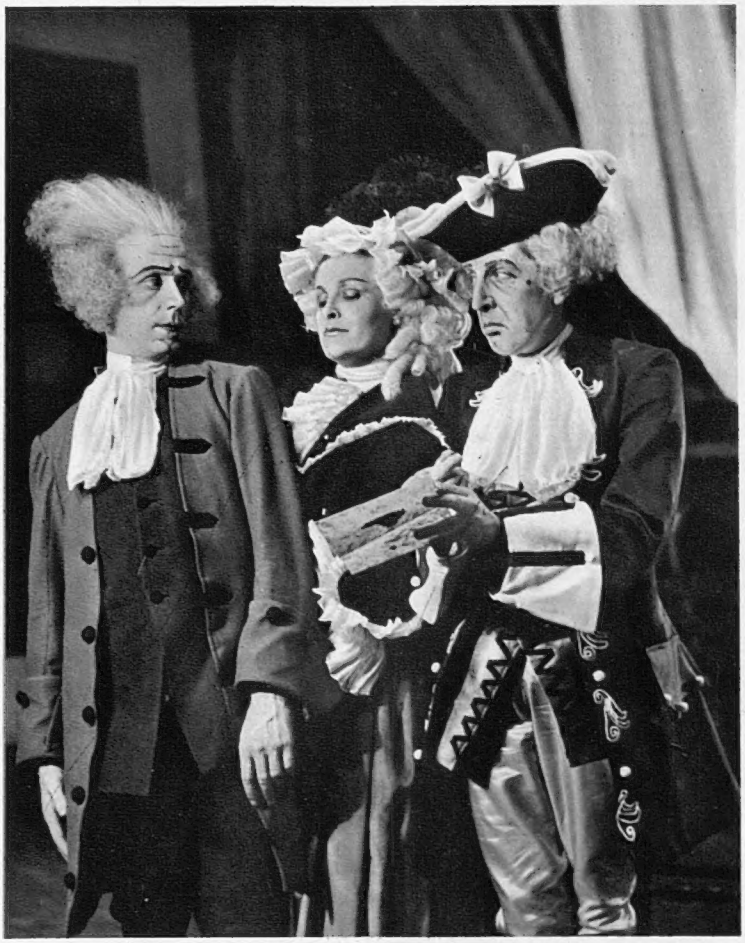
Capt. Anthony Head, M.C., Life Guards

Lady Dorothy Head went with her husband to Buckingham Palace when he received his M.C. As Brigade Major to the 20th Guards Brigade at Boulogne he "showed great initiative, energy, and complete disregard for danger." During the rapidly changing battle he "on many occasions obtained information of the greatest importance by personal reconnaissance"



Lt.-Col. Sir Alexander Stanier, D.S.O., Welsh Guards

Sir Alexander Stanier, Bt., took Lady Stanier and their twelve-year-old daughter, Sylvia, to last week's Investiture. He received the D.S.O. from the King for his part in the Boulogne battle. His battalion of Welsh Guards had to hold a front of about 6000 yards, which, but "for his personal bravery, energy and control . . . might well have been broken. . . . It was constantly necessary for him to be with the forward companies giving orders and altering dispositions. During the whole operations he showed complete calmness and disregard of his personal safety"



Mr. Taylor, Mme. Noverre and Noverre

Mr. Taylor (Claude Newman) is manager of the King's Theatre in 1789. He engages the famous French choregrapher and ballet master, Noverre (Frederick Ashton), for the season. Naturally there is trouble about contracts, and Mme. Noverre (Ursula Moreton), wise wife, keeps a careful eye on everything her husband signs

Mlle. Theodore and the Noverres

Mlle. Theodore (Pamela May) is première danseuse of the King's Theatre ballet season. Noverre, his wife at his side, composes her solo

"The Prospect Before Us"

Ninette de Valois' New Ballet

On an incident from Eber's *History of the King's Theatre*, with William Boyce's music arranged by Constant Lambert, Ninette de Valois has created one of the best comedy ballets in the modern repertoire. Original in theme, superbly in period, overflowing with vitality, rapid, witty, and brilliantly detailed, it gives the company an opportunity to show just how good character dancers they are. Its tremendous success on the first night last week was also tribute to Sadler's Wells for the production of such a living work of art at such a time. *The Prospect Before Us* will be repeated to-morrow and on Friday, last night of the summer season

Stage of the King's Theatre, 1789

The whole stage at Sadler's Wells, bare but for stacked scenery and two draped curtains, is used for three scenes of the ballet when the great Noverre is rehearsing his latest work, interrupted by the comings and goings of managers, patrons, lawyers. In front are manager Taylor, Noverre, Didelot, and Mlle. Theodore, Mme. Noverre (seated) and Vestris. Behind is rival manager O'Reilly looking on with two friends

"Pi

When the King's is burnt down, i money. In the centre are O'Reilly, w Pantheon, and an acrobatic danc part). The ballet's delightful dress

Monsieur Vestris and Two Ladies of the Ballet

Monsieur Vestris (Jack Hart) dances a pas de trois with two ladies of the ballet (Julia Farron and Palma Nye). He shares the premier danseur's honours in the Grand Divertissement with Monsieur Didelot (danced by Alan Carter)

Photographs by Anthony

Mr. O'Reilly, Manager of the Pantheon

Mr. O'Reilly (Robert Helpmann), drunken, disreputable manager of the Pantheon, is Mr. Taylor's rival in the ballet business. In the end debts and dancers are taken off his hands, and he celebrates with an intoxicated revel of his own. This dance is the most brilliant piece of balletic humour, both choregraphically and in performance, since Massine created his solo in "Union Pacific"

Opening Night at the Pantheon: Grand Divertissement

The rival managers, one elated, the other downcast, watch from opposite boxes; on the stage are Cupid (Margaret Dale), Mlle. Theodore, and Didelot (Alan Carter). Pamela May is deliciously light and frivolous as the première danseuse. Cupid's small solo is a typical de Valois miniature, beautifully done by Margaret Dale

the Poor Dancers"

company is homeless, and they dance in the streets to collect wants to entice the company to his own theatre, the (Mary Honer, who is excellent in her small slapstick and decor are by Roger Furse, after Thomas Rowlandson

Socialist *secretary to the Conservative Minister of Pensions, Ellen Wilkinson relaxes to read a report dealing with some of the many complicated problems that arise in connection with pensions in wartime. Considerable concessions in the grant of pensions to Service men and their dependents have recently been announced in Parliament*

Woman in Office

Ellen Wilkinson at the Ministry of Pensions

Next door to the now-barred headquarters of the British Union of Fascists in Great Smith Street, Westminster, sits and works the author of a left-wing book called *Why Fascism?* Ellen Wilkinson's acceptance in the Governmental fold as Parliamentary Secretary to Sir Walter Womersley, Minister of Pensions, parallels the ambassadorial appointment of Sir Stafford Cripps, against whose expulsion from the Labour Party she alone of the Socialist executive voted last January. An M.A. of Manchester University and formerly one of Mrs. Pankhurst's principal adherents as organiser of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies when the suffragette fight was hottest, Miss Wilkinson has been M.P. for Jarrow, one of Durham's most distressed areas since 1935. Her special care now is the investigation of cases of financial hardship among Service men and their families

Conference *at the Ministry of Pensions brings together Miss Wilkinson, her chief, Sir Walter Womersley, and Sir Adair Hore, Permanent Secretary to the Ministry. Behind the chiefs are their private secretaries, Mr. J. Worsfold and Mr. A. O. Woodgate*

Photographs by Kosmo

Films of the Day

What is there About "Rebecca"?

By George Campbell

"REBECCA" has been a huge success as a book, as a play (until the war news and hot weather combined to knock the bottom out of every straight play in town), and (in America) as a film. At the colossal Radio City Music Hall it ran six weeks—a record for the house. The obvious conclusion is that, whatever her technical merits as a writer, Daphne du Maurier must have something.

But what? As a stylist she ranks no higher than Ethel M. Dell. For originality and luxuriance of imagination she does not compare with "Ouida." She has none of the wit and virtuosity of such representative women writers of to-day as Rebecca West and Helen Simpson. Yet she outsells them all. I ask again, why? And the question is not rhetorical. I have no idea of the answer, and I really would like to know.

Perhaps her secret lies largely, as "Ouida's" and A. J. Cronin's does, in her lush emotionalism. For every reader who thinks, there are ten who feel, and to them a book like *Rebecca* must come as a heaven-sent opportunity for vicarious suffering. It is only fair to add that Miss du Maurier has a genuine if not very distinguished gift for telling a story, and creating the stock characters of Romance, with a capital "R." The innocent little paid companion who captivates the enormously rich, handsome, moody Maxim de Winter, and becomes mistress of a mansion as big as St. Paul's, and surely the most heavily forested estate in all Cornwall—isn't she Cinderella? And the great house with its mysteries, preserved by a sinister housekeeper as a sort of tomb to the dead Rebecca, with the chinchilla coat and lingerie (made in a nunnery) and stationery (with the monogram "R. de W.") ready to the second Mrs. de Winter's hand, and the lord and master striding through it, haunted and hag-ridden—isn't this Bluebeard's Castle, with electric light and usual offices?

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, making his first Hollywood film, has told the story "straight." You will find none of the tricks, sometimes very effective, sometimes dragged in naughtily at the expense of the plot and common sense, for which he is famous. In Hollywood, even the best directors are subject to strict supervision, the writer's status is immensely higher than in British studios, and there is none of that lofty disregard of the script—"shooting off the cuff"—which produces yells of laughter from the studio yes-men and a blaze of apathy amongst the public. *Rebecca* might have been made by any one of twenty Hollywood directors, but to the extent that it lacks individuality, it gains in credibility—provided, of course, that you can first accept the author's essentially novelettish conception.

THE acting, with perhaps one exception, is practically faultless. Joan Fontaine, the English girl born in Tokyo, who gave such a charming performance in *The Women*, attempts the extraordinarily difficult task of making you believe in the second Mrs. de Winter—a creature so winsome that she fascinates the bitter, disillusioned Maxim de Winter, so gauche that she hides from a visitor behind a door, so spiritless that she allows herself to be dominated by the servants. Miss Fontaine pulls it off triumphantly. She looks, in a fresh, unstudied way, extremely pretty, but her great charm lies in her power to suggest the beauty of the spirit. I know no other young player who so naturally radiates goodness, and contrives at the same time to be endearing.

Judith Anderson, an Australian who has long been one of Broadway's finest dramatic actresses, also achieves something of a tour de force as the housekeeper. Without sinister make-up, without departing noticeably from the bearing of a well-trained upper servant, she contrives to suggest hatred, sly malice and a personality subtly, poisonously evil. Her Mrs. Danvers is a fit mate for Iago.

Laurence Olivier plays Maxim de Winter in the storms-and-wintry-sunshine manner that he is in danger of overdoing; George Sanders contributes a skilful portrait of a cad; and Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, Nigel Bruce and Gladys Cooper make the most of their chances.

NINE years ago, *The Front Page* appeared upon the screen like a burst from a Bren gun, made the reputations of Ben Hecht and Charles Macarthur, the authors, Lewis Milestone, the almost unknown Russian director, Pat O'Brien, a newcomer from Broadway, and Adolphe Menjou, beginning a come-back from the limbo reserved for démodé fashion-plates. Now they have remade it as *His Girl Friday*, with Howard Hawks directing, Rosalind Russell in Mr. O'Brien's role as the star reporter, and Cary Grant as the double-crossing editor. The new beginning, revealing the relationship between editor and sob-sister, is brilliantly written, and if the quick-fire comedy is not quite the novelty it was, I cannot see that the new production is otherwise inferior to the original.

IF French films must stop—and I suppose it will be a long time before the studios get going again—one could have wished that they had ended on a high note. After so many masterpieces in recent years, *Nous les Jeunes* is a bit of an anti-climax. A tract for the times, it tells of young men and women, unemployed, too rich or too poor, who seek escape from the unhappiness of the world. They found their own little republic in the Alpine snows. Alas! a venture begun with high hopes and lofty idealism dissolves in a welter of jealousy, quarrels and minor disasters, and the disillusioned reformers return to the faulty world they know with the reflection that happiness, like gold, is where you find it.

(*Pictures of "Rebecca," were published in the "Bystander," June 26th, pages* 378-379.)

Girl Friday Hits Front Page

Generally acclaimed as the best of the tough, quick-firing, comedy-thrilling newspaper films which Hollywood turns out by the score, "Front Page" has now been remade. The reporter has become a woman (Rosalind Russell) in the interests of sentiment, which are in no other respect over-scrupulously deferred to, and the title is now "His Girl Friday." Cary Grant has Adolphe Menjou's part as the cynical city editor, now also the reporter's ex-husband. The film, which has been showing at the Regal, is reviewed by George Campbell on this page

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"So would you, if you'd been up all night!"

Ian Fenwick, for many years one of the artistic props of this page, sent us the above picture by way of a swan song before going back into the Army. Formerly in the Leicestershire Yeomanry, he is now joining his father's old unit, the 60th Rifles, which incidentally played so gallant a part in the defence of Calais. Fenwick was to have held an exhibition of his more serious work at the Ackermann Galleries this month, and although his joining up has prevented this, a selection of his pictures are on view there

ABOUT 300 new war-winning ideas which occur to the citizenry every week are carefully considered by the Research Directorate of the Ministry of Supply. Many of them are wildly fantastic, a scientist in that department tells us. From morning to eve he sits patiently on his pants hoping, sighing, examining, testing, calculating, turning down, and occasionally, with a whoop, noting. (We asked him if anybody had yet submitted the crazy idea of arming the L.D.V. with the same weapons as their adversaries, and he said, "Oh, yes, it 's been suggested.") He said the notable absence of new death-ray inventions at the moment seems to show that the death-ray boys are sulking. The most recent of them popped up in America a few weeks ago and flew into a violent rage with everybody when the authorities granted him a scientific test and nothing—once more—happened. These boys form (said this Ministry bloke) a class by themselves, extremely sensitive—even more so than the chaps who have trained bacilli to gnaw through the armour-plating of the German High Seas Fleet—and resentful, probably because the death-ray idea in itself is so neat and satisfying, bearing all the marks of success except that it doesn't work. Ideas which do (said this bloke) are generally fairly simple, like all good inventions. He instanced in a general way the little bit of indiarubber which the late Mr. Hardtmuth first thought of sticking on the end of a pencil; also that even simpler invention, the infallible cure for a red nose which was conceived and developed years ago by a citizen who made a sizeable packet out of it before he was caught. "Paint it blue," wrote this benefactor to all inquirers enclosing the necessary half-crown postal order.

The fact that at least 300 British citizens a week, whether in possession of their faculties or ripe for the nut-house, can work out schemes simple or complicated for defeating the Boche, is not only a tribute to their patriotism but, in our halting view, valuable propaganda material to put across the American populace, who believe the Island Race spends its day in a glassy, yogi-like trance, contemplating its navel. We should rate this surprise as American Disillusion No. 2, Disillusion No. 1, of course, being still Niagara Falls, as Wilde remarked long ago. Maybe a few more such disillusions are yet due, who knows?

"Something wrong 'ere, Sergeant!"

Mœnads

EVEN the most passionate or cock-eyed feminist cannot but agree that the War Office is right to keep women sharpshooters out of the L.D.V., however good they are with a rifle. Apart from possible questions of etiquette on the barricades ("Arthur, you fired before Mrs. Harbottle"), their presence in battle would be disturbing. The precedent of Saint Joan does not apply because, apart from being inspired by Heaven, she did not—correct us if ignobly wrong—wield any lethal weapon in action; her presence and direction were enough. Jeanne Hachette twirled a pretty axe at the siege of Bordeaux some years later, they say, but we suspect her legend has been embroidered; she was probably more of a nuisance than a blessing to the troops, if the truth were known. As for those sweethearts of the Soviet Women's Death Battalions, whose old-fashioned Asiatic pans used to glower at us in serried ranks at one time from the illustrated papers, we never heard of their doing much except to look extremely undesirable, and we doubt their skill with those bayonets profoundly. As to ace women rifle-shots, expertise on the range does not, as every old soldier knows, necessarily imply full value in action, when a score of other factors come into play.

So on the whole, and handing the girls due recognition for spirit, one feels the W.O. is right. Women shots could do far better work as instructors, and while we 're on the topic, we don't think women should play trombones, either. There 's nothing in the practice offensive to female modesty, but those bursting cheeks and popping eyes just look awful. The almost equally distressing modern

female practice of wearing trousers, on which we have dwelt before, was brought up recently by a querulous citizen who asked in print why so many women were stamping about in slacks when the newest British armies were short of khaki. But perhaps by now many a public-spirited Major has handed over her cherished bags to clothe a few deserving soldiers.

Flafla

WHILE ex-Admiral N--l C-w-rd, on one of his mysterious special missions, has been ordering the British Colony in Lisbon to keep up its morale, the theatre boys and girls in London keep nagging at the populace about the Public's Duty To The Theatre, one or two West End leading ladies waxing especially shrill and enervated on this topic. Nobody, we observe, has yet been sufficiently stung or interested to come back at these babies with a pertinent query as to the Theatre's Duty To The Public, which is to supply a few plays worth going to see, we take it. (Judging by the B-minus tosh prevalently on view in the West End at this moment, this would take a little answering by some of the poker-faced boys who run the racket.) This curious argument about one's "duty" to the Theatre seems to us quite new. It would have astonished (say) Slogger Irving, whose line was florid and even fulsome subservience to the ham-faced populace, whom he used to assure in almost every first-night curtain-speech that he remained their Most Grateful, Most Humble, Most Obedient Servant. This, in our degraded view, is a sound standpoint, the public having surely no more "duty" to the theatre than it has to a flea-circus, which is often more entertaining, at that.

You don't find other children of the Muses, such as painters, musicians, or even novelists demanding the public's dough as a sacred right. Those boys know only too well that they and their works exist on sufferance and that they can go hang themselves for all the jolly citizenry cares; hence the humble and reasonable attitude of that R.A. exhibitor who was offering the other day to paint portraits at one-third of his usual price. The more uppity attitude of the theatre boys and girls is due, we guess, to their recently improved social status, golf, and the personal patronage of the rich. Alas! The rich have cold hearts and tire very easily of a new toy, whether it be a dear, clever little actress or a clockwork monkey, and it is madness to think that they will ever protect their protégées against the just anger of a public grown suddenly tired of hoity-toity and flafla. Less of that "duty" stuff, therefore, we implore, and more of the old Irving humility, which may have been 90 per cent. make-believe but which always pleased what Parisian stage circles used ("used"—alas!) to call the *cochons de payants*, causing them to roll up to the box office with tireless vim.

Bugaboo

LISTENING the other night after a long interval to Mr. Joyce, the ex-Mosleyite British traitor who broadcasts from Hamburg and has been christened "Lord Haw-Haw" by the Fleet Street boys—possibly because nothing on earth less like the voice of a British Peer could be imagined—we fancied this virtuoso is losing his grip. Slogger Joyce, gloating with malignant verve over what is about to befall these islands shortly, had just returned from Dunkirk (the ruinous state of which he enormously exaggerated, as any returned soldier can tell you), and his line of talk was that since only a fraction of the Luftwaffe was employed at Dunkirk, what Great Britain can look forward to when the entire German air fleet is loosed upon us is nobody's business, and tralala, and tralala. The effect of which nursery technique on free men is so obvious that one feels Mr. Joyce has been forced to take lessons, against his better judgment, from the German psychology experts, peering at him through thick pebbly glasses and talking their mystic jargon in the German language, which (as somebody said) only sounds impressive because it is so barbarous that Germans take twice as long to express a given thought as civilised people do. One antidote to such stuff would be the world-wide broadcasting by the British Government of the well-known fact that the morale of the population of the Ruhr country alone is well below zero, owing to our bombing, and that these jitters are spreading Berlin-wards despite the Gestapo's most frenzied efforts. That recent B.B.C. broadcast to Germany advising the population to take cover when British 'planes are over, "since the Nazis won't warn you," was not a bad substitute in its way, but something much stronger is needed (as usual).

Query

THAT despairing cry or yell by the chairman at a Liverpool tribunal, "Can you tell me why the Customs and Excise produce more pacifists than any other branch of the Civil Service?" is not too difficult to answer. Dr. Johnson gives a clear pointer in his Dictionary:

> EXCISE: A hateful tax levied upon commodities and adjudged not by the common judges of property but by wretches hired by those to whom Excise is paid.

Elsewhere the terrible Doctor refers to "the two lowest of all human beings—a scribbler for a Party and a Commissioner of Excise," and since during his period half the rugged inhabitants of our seaboards were engaged nightly in potting at Excisemen and Customs officers with pistols or maiming them with cutlasses, it is clear that a poor view of this branch of the Civil Service was then taken by the citizenry at large. Modern travellers may have noted the same feeling spreading swiftly like a miasma through the Customs inspection-sheds at any Channel port when some sweet innocent smuggler failed to carry it off with a little eyelash-work. This traditional public attitude towards Customs and Excise, therefore, has bred—in our view—in the already dry and sterile bosom of the Bureaucrat a defiant sense of ostracism, which breeds introversion, which breeds many kinds of mental disorder and inevitably creates addicts to pacifism, vegetarianism, the Higher Pantheism, philately, economics, the Rosy Wellsian Dawn, and God knows what-else.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Pst! I have some information for you"

Moustaches of the gay 'nineties (Alexander Archdale and Ernie Harradine)

Sketches by Rouson

Lady who won't be a nun and lady who couldn't (Maud Davey and Helen Goss)

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Ridgeway's Joys" (Players')

As a release from care in these confining times, there is much to be said for *Ridgeway's Joys*, Late or Early, at the Players' Theatre, where you can eat, drink, and not only join in the choruses but, in the case of certain ready-witted artistes, such as Alec Clunes and Robert Eddison, even interrupt the performers. Here you can forget, here you can remember, here for a brief space you can cast away the care that is far from dull. And don't say that isn't salutary. It is as salutary as the twenty-minutes' break in morning school. Come on, then. Let 's. Restrictions, inevitably, there are, and Leonard Sachs, the commanding chairman, keeps an eye on them. You must, for example, be a member, or with a member. But you don't have to show your identity card, than which nothing seems more completely to sink the identity. And how pleasant it is to revive the ample pleasures of Victorian days, as you lift up your voice with Helen Goss and chant such simple words as—

Oysters and wine at 2 a.m.,
2 a.m.,
2 a.m.,
Oysters and wine at 2 a.m.,
Oysters and wine at 2.

But at 2 a.m., on my way home from the *Joys* in 1940, the taxi suddenly stopped, up popped a policeman, an electric torch flashed in my face, and a voice demanded my identity card to prove that I was who I was whoever I was. "Up popped a policeman" might make an apt song for the halls these days. Wouldn't Megs Jenkins sing it a treat?

The programme at the Players' Theatre had been carried through by a round half-dozen—and round is the right adjective for these good-humoured performers. In addition to Miss Goss, there was smooth and soothing Mrs. Davey, who joined with Mr. Archdale (the perfect Victorian peacock) in "Call Me Pet Names, Dear" (which was ever so affectionate), and with Mr. Harradine (that master-dispenser of lugubrious syrup) in "The Elfin Call" (which was ever so pixy). Mr. Archdale also invited us to "Come Where the Aspens Quiver," and Mr. Harradine gave us "A Little Bit Off the Top"—the first time I have ever heard any of the words other than the title. So I suppose there were some introductory words to "Get Your 'Air Cut," too, but who could repeat them? Also, Mr. Clunes, as Master Mafeking, imitated an imitator of farmyard noises—but since Mafeking was round about 1900 and Master Mafeking was round about twenty, this must be post-war rather than Victorian.

But best of the night, and more or less for all time, was Mr. Bernard Miles, whose old rustic, leaning on a wheel, might have been 1840, 1940 or 1740. This monologue, albeit rather protracted, is a masterpiece with real roots and radical juice in it, with the sound and smell of England in it, as sweet as a nut, as dry as hay, as quiet as an egg, and as slow as progress. No patriotic speech could ever come near it for real love of the country. As good as Will Fyffe.

Singing Toorali-oorali-oorali-ay (Alec Clunes)

Photographs by Anthony

"Dull and Very Mean"

Madge Elliott as a Seaside Resort Derelict

You probably think of Madge Elliott as a typical musical comedy blonde, singing sentimental June-and-moon songs and breaking into a dance between the verses with a sleek, neat-footed swain. So she was—and very effectively—often with her husband, Cyril Ritchard, as partner. But in *Swinging the Gate* she has suddenly struck new gold. Not only does she most amusingly and subtly burlesque her own life-work of song-and-dance numbers (see right), but she also turns herself into a character actress for one turn, "So Very Old." Her Mrs. Kingston-Brassey caricatures many an old creature haunting the dim corners of seaside resorts, "very old, very mean, very nasty to young people always, rather gastric, reads a lot of novels and likes 'em slightly gay"

C

Charlwood Goes to War:

The village crier of Charlwood, tucked away on the Surrey-Sussex border, is away in the Army, so Sam Goldsmith assumed, literally as well as figuratively, his mantle of office and announced to the village the formation of the L.D.V. He got plenty of hearers, and there was not one of them that failed to rally round to the defence of their remote and peaceful homes, seemingly so far from sound of battle, but in reality potentially in the new front line

Photogr

L.D.V. in a Surrey Village

In every village in England there stands a memorial to brave men who died in France to stem the last onslaught of Germany. Now again the call has come, and this time not only to those who are of age to join the Services. The pictures on these and the following two pages show how the whole population of Charlwood has roused itself, tin-hatted and armed with shotguns, to meet the new threat

Keystone

Ernest Ellis scans the sky for the invader

***Tom Franks** is one of the many old villagers who have taken their shotguns down from the wall, bought themselves tin hats, and gone out on patrol to assure the parachutists of a warm welcome. Since the formation of the L.D.V. brought a chance for the farmers and labourers to use their specialised country knowledge, their keen eyes and skill with a gun in the defence of their homes, there has not been a man or woman of Charlwood's 2000 inhabitants who is not in one way or another serving the country*

In the Front Line

An English Village Prepares to Meet the Air-Borne Invader

(Continued from pages 46-47)

***Tap-room** decorations in local pubs the country over have been augmented by the posters issued by the Ministry of Information. In Charlwood the grab-map of Hitler's plan of conquest looks down on Sam Goldsmith and John Chandler's peaceful game of dominoes, while a shotgun on the mantelpiece symbolises Charlwood's determination to put a firm stop to any grabbing in their neighbourhood*

Photographs by Keystone

***Women** of Charlwood are also playing their part to the full, and afternoon knitting parties provide comforts for their own relatives who are serving and for other members of the Forces. Squire's lady, farmer's wife, labourer's daughter, all join together to work their hardest for the men-folk who are defending their country and their homes*

John Chandler, *at seventy-eight, is Charlwood's oldest parashot and none the less ready and fit to cope with gentry from above on account of his years. Officially the upper age limit for the L.D.V. is sixty-five, but woe betide any German who thinks that at that age a countryman loses his skill at tracking down and disposing of vermin of any sort*

Cavalry *of the L.D.V. consists of farmers mounted on draught horses. With his binoculars, this parashot, strategically stationed, has a wide range of view, and his horse gives him a mobility that will enable him to get quickly to grips with an isolated invader, or, in case of a detachment too big to be dealt with single-handed, to get in touch with the Ironsides, seasoned regular soldiers in armoured cars and well armed who are always ready to rush to any point of attack*

Back from Norway, back from Belgium, back from France come the expeditionary forces, now to undertake the last and vital task, the defence of their own land. And as they come they bring stories of how these unhappy countries fell. No stable front, enemies from the sky and in tanks disorganising the defence, towns and villages unprepared to meet the sudden challenge: these things were their calamity. And now we can with confidence say "It can't happen here." We have learnt by the misfortunes of our Allies; the spirit of England is up, and every preparation has been made to ensure that "this fortress built by Nature for herself against infection and the hand of war" shall in very truth be a fortress, guarded at every point by its own yeomen. Of course we have now a great standing army to throw back an invader, but it is the villagers, like those of Charlwood shown on these pages, who are our first line of defence. And they have been quick to respond to the call to arms, quicker in some cases than the authorities have been to make the call

Bitter *may be the news relayed by the pub wireless to the Charlwood villagers, but there is confidence over the pints of old-and-mild when it is discussed. There may be no more vermouth from Marseilles or Hollands gin on the bar shelves for a while, but they won't notice that. They have their English beer, and now it is English soil that is threatened, they are in the vanguard of the defence*

***Preliminary cooling** is given by Mr. Hulbert to five of his hard-working but light-hearted chorus. In his Anglo-Indian Colonel Sheepshanks make-up he turns the hose on Betty Martin, Mary Barton, Eunice Crowther, Beryl Mason, Vivien Tandy. The chorus for the screen version of "Under Your Hat" is sixty girls in all, and Jack Hulbert has arranged and produced every one of their dance routines*

***A girl to watch** is Beryl taken Leonora Corbett's Your Hat." She dances, promise in her brief film*

Mr. Hulbert and His Young Ladies

Gallivanting in the Summer Setting of a Film Studio Garden, in Off-Hours from "Under Your Hat"

Under Your Hat was one of the most successful of all Hulbert-Courtneidge musical comedies. It packed the Palace through the 1938-9. winter, spring and summer, re-established itself after war started, and ran on till quite recently. Cicely Courtneidge has never been better, nor Jack Hulbert either, particularly in the wit and speed of his production. Now *Under Your Hat* has been filmed by Grand National, partly at the Palace, partly at Worton Hall Studios. The lovely garden of that one-time country house, its lawns, great trees, blazing flower-beds, swimming-pool, have been used for outdoor settings, also by the whole cast, plus producers and technicians, on afternoons off

***Swimming** follows the hose shower-bath administered by Mr. Hulbert. The five chorus beauties are now lined up in this order: Mary Barton, Vivien Tandy, Betty Martin, Eunice Crowther, Beryl Mason. The Worton Hall swimming-bath has been one of heaven's gifts to everyone with the luck to work at Grand National's studio this hot summer*

***Titivating,** nose-powdering and hair-setting follows swimming. Most of these girls can set a wave or a curl as deftly as a trained coiffeur. We guess these two are Betty Martin and Beryl Mason*

Mason, a nineteen-year-old from Rochester, who has part as understudy in the stage version of "Under sings and takes elocution lessons all day, has shown such appearances that she was to have a screen test of her own

Photographs by Rodger

***Leap-frog** by chorus girls is no hop-and-shuffle affair of amateurs. They are trained dancers, and stretching their knees and pointing their toes is second nature — almost. Mary Barton leads Margot Kling, Renna Caste and Eunice Crowther over the bending "frogs"*

***Jack Hulbert** has made his choruses as famous as Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, though less publicised. He has the reputation of working them tremendously hard: they are invariably drilled and foot-perfect to the last tap, and far gayer and livelier than most, as if their hearts were in their work and they believed in their futures. This is Mr. Hulbert, benign and silver-haired as Colonel Sheepshanks, "Under Your Hat" husband of a tiger-hunting, Empire-builder of a wife, Mrs. Colonel Sheepshanks (Cicely Courtneidge)*

***Tea** finally, and the whole chorus appears from different corners of the garden, some cool and dreamy from lying in the shade reading and dozing, five of them at least glowing and thirsty after swimming and exercise. Grimmell is host: at Worton Hall he appears, always smiling, anywhere and any time to pour out cups of studio tea*

Old Bill and Co.: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"That 's enough about 'ow 'Arold did it at 'Astings. *I'm* doin' it now!"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

An English Chameleon

By V. S. Pritchett

MR. R. C. HUTCHINSON is a chameleon among the novelists. His books assume the character of foreign novels. He can become, for example, a Russian writing a very Russian novel about the Revolution, a book which will appear to be a synthesis of the main scenes and themes of Russian fiction. Now *The Fire and the Wood* (Cassell; 9*s.* 6*d.*) would pass as a German novel about Nazi Germany. One expects to find him posing next as a Frenchman, an American, or a Spaniard.

A Jewish doctor, non-political and passionately, almost myopically devoted to medical science, is tricked, arrested and tortured by the Nazis and eventually escapes—such is the backbone of Mr. Hutchinson's new book, and the moment one picks it up a dozen German novels on similar lines come to mind. One has read it all before—and yet one has not read it. The sensation is bewildering. How does Mr. Hutchinson differ from the Germans on whose purlieus he is so skilfully trespassing? At once let me say he makes none of the crashing mistakes, drifts into none of the sentimentalities and superficialities which spoil most work written by English writers about a foreign character and a foreign scene. Mr. Hutchinson's verisimilitude amounts to a tour de force. One knows he is not a German writer chiefly by what he leaves out: no hysteria, no Teutonic fantasy, no perverse or sadistic love-scenes and none of that sneaking weakness for the corrupt and degenerate to which the healthy upstanding German always drifts. In the place of these Mr. Hutchinson puts an ingenious moral preoccupation such as might tease an English clergyman. He is as moral about Germany as Lord Halifax used to be in the good old days.

Josef Zeppichmann is an uncouth, pumice-skinned, pushful, entirely single-minded young research worker in medicine, a Jew who is fighting his way up in the world and who is convinced that he is on the track of a new tuberculin injection. He is near that point where he must transfer his experiments from animals to human beings. Disliked because of his intense obsession with his work, he is isolated and this drives him to unethical lengths. He discovers a friendless, wretched, dying servant girl and decides to risk his treatment on her, believing she will be cured but not sure that he may not kill her. Science demands a risk; ambition drives him to it. "The individual does not count"—the phrase floats into his acquiescent mind from a political meeting which he passes in the street; and he little thinks that this phrase which seems to justify his act will also be the justification his anti-semitic persecutors will take when they imprison and torture him. Before this happens the girl has discovered from Zeppichmann that she is only his guinea-pig; this makes her feel important for the first time in her life, and Zeppichmann remorseful. Love springs up, as it were, from the dissecting table! When at last Josef is imprisoned he regards his sufferings as a punishment for his callousness to the girl. The individual *does* count: neither in the name of race nor science is one entitled to maim or manipulate human life. Mr. Hutchinson has done prison escapes before in his novels; the one in this book shows a non-melodramatic grasp of the German situation and extraordinary ingenuity. His talent is, in fact, phenomenally ingenious. In its realism and its development of the situation *The Fire and the Wood* is highly original and humane; yet its sources appear to be completely derivative.

Mr. Sensible on a Soap Box

The Ministry of Information now has a stand in the most famous talk market in Great Britain—inside Hyde Park, near Marble Arch. Here their "soap-box orators" compete with all the political and religious enthusiasts and cranks who work off their surplus energy there. Mr. E. G. Cove (above) was talking about the home front

THE Protestant Irish romanticised Ireland, the new Catholic school—very short-sightedly censored by the Church—treat the country to unflattering realism. At least one meets in novelists like Frank O'Connor and Sean O'Faolain a revolt against the sour, smug hell of Irish middle-class provinciality. Behind the comic Irish anecdote is a terrible desolation. *An Irish Journey*, by Sean O'Faolain (Longmans; 12*s.* 6*d.*), a talkative, entertaining and instructive sketch-book of travel round the rim of the whole island, has this, for example, about the closed library of Enniskerry: "Well, you see, people were coming here borrowing books and borrowing books until, ah, sure, in the end we had to close it down"—a story which, like all the best Irish stories, has it both ways. Whichever way you take it, you're caught. About Cork, his native city, O'Faolain writes bitterly—

> Cork is no place for sensitive folk. I have known more men of real talent, who in another atmosphere might have been fruitful, become frustrated and warped in this city than I have ever met in any other of its size. To succeed here you have to have the skin of a rhinoceros, the dissimulation of a crocodile, the agility of a hare, the speed of a hawk. . . . I thought of . . . that most intelligent man, frittering away his talents on the brief stimulants of the most ephemeral things—because that is the only kind of activity that wins praise and companionship in these provincial towns. It was a sad, even a terrible list of frustrations.

If this were the entire truth (and Mr. O'Faolain is too subtly and profoundly schooled in the contradictions and obliquities of Ireland to think so), no book of travel or novel on the country would be much worth reading. The Irish gift—what is it? Rhetoric, I think; the vacuum of provincial Ireland is the orator in his mean and exhausted moments. One can't have everything. If a country produces people who talk like Shakespeare—"When I shmokes I shpits like a cuckoo." (? *Twelfth Night*)—it must be prepared to live in misfortune.

I SUPPOSE Cork is the scene of Mr. Frank O'Connor's novel, *Dutch Interior* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a book about the helpless, quarrelsome, bored and frustrated provincial suburbanites rebelling vainly against their lot. Rapidly we are taken through the lives of a group of young people of the town, boys and girls typical of those who wander about the streets after the shops close and when they can stand their homes no longer. The young grow up, life, Ireland or the villa traps them, they turn into "characters" (the refuge of the frustrated), and in time what they might have been haunts them like ghosts. Nostalgia sets the tune and gives an evocative power to the Irish writers which elsewhere in Europe only the Russians have. Mr. O'Connor holds the nostalgia down. He is determined to prevent this easy Irish escape from reality and he succeeds.

Here is a suburban party in Cork—

> "The trouble about theology," Devane said with a sour smile, "is that it is all about what the theologians think of God." He leaned forward, his two hands on the seat of the high-backed chair he had chosen as if by instinct. "What I'd like to know is, what does God think of the theologians."
>
> "Ha-ha, you've struck it," Father Lynnot exclaimed boyishly. "You put your finger on it. Two words on that subject would be appreciated. Sour ould sugars!"

Mr. O'Connor creates a clear picture of that rainy, watery city, with its dripping trees, its painted villas and cliff roads. He catches the boy and girl flirtations of the streets, the feuds of the families. But it is his talk which remains the remarkable thing. The sentences are not in themselves remarkable; he avoids the picturesque or outlandish Irish phrase; but every sentence spoken becomes a living man or woman, urgent with the moment, moving on their unpredictable course. The life stories of this book have the unfinished uncouthness and pathos of real lives.

***Brighton's** fleet of mobile vans is ready to go into action. The vans are loaded between 8.30 and 9 a.m., stores being in charge of Mrs. Brownlow of Brighton, and the empty vans and weary drivers usually return between 6 and 7 p.m. to the depot. Mr. Winston manages stores issued to Worthing, Eastbourne and Cooden*

***Trays** of cakes, tarts, and buns are carried by Miss Boase and Miss Peggy Hall, of Brighton. The vans take tea, minerals, fruit, and meat pies as well. Letters are collected for posting on every round*

"Are You Being Served?"

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

Nos. 16, 17, 18. Brighton, Cooden and Eastbourne Mobile Canteens

Brighton is the centre for the administration of the many mobile canteens in the Southern Region of the Y.M.C.A. (Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, Dorset, the Isle of Wight and, formerly, the Channel Isles). These mobile canteens serve the distant A.-A. and searchlight units, and cover up to 100 miles every day. H.H. Princess Helena Victoria is President of the National Women's Auxiliary Y.M.C.A., and was the original pioneer, during the last war, of women's voluntary work for the Y.M.C.A. She spends much of her time at Brighton, and inaugurated the first two mobile canteens last December. Vans went out all through the blizzards of last winter with hot drinks and comforts. (Pictures of the Brighton and Hove Y.M.C.A. canteens were in last week's issue)

***A tea urn**, bananas, cakes and a small store of necessities for the men who are too far away to get to shops, are put in the vans each day. Mrs. Byne-Haggerty and Miss Betty Eliot carry the urn, while Mrs. Arthur Dean, head of Steine House Canteen, Brighton, packs up the trays*

***Two members** of Eastbourne's famous and Mrs. Morgan Jones, use a private car by the Steine House Women's Auxiliary Brighton and Hove, the Eastbourne Rotary Club,*

Cooden Beach's *mobile canteen personnel uses Mr. Powell's garden for some of its fine-weather activities. Three sisters, Virginia, Daphne and Sara Mason, and Miss Rosemary Powell, check stores, of which a careful account is kept*

A small van *given by Mrs. Staveacre to the Cooden Beach unit is run by Rosemary Powell, the Sussex lady golf champion. Virginia, Sara and Daphne Mason help her with the van. Each van goes out with two workers and £1 worth of change*

Eastbourne *is now almost entirely a mobile canteen H.Q. This van was given by Mrs. Curry. Miss Hamblyn is at the electric water heater, and Miss Chattey is with her*

The Rotary Club *van from Eastbourne gives Sapper A. Kent some tea. Mrs. Gurd's band of forty-five energetic workers wear dark blue jackets, skirts and berets and W.T.S. badges. Mrs. Douglas washes up; Miss Inez Hayne serves the customer. Mobile canteens are very busy around Eastbourne as many of the men are continually on duty, and the town canteen is therefore out of bounds*

Women's Transport Service, Mrs. Watt as a mobile canteen. Vans have been given Y.M.C.A., the Jewish Community of Miss Kelsey of Hove, and many others

On the Home Front

Pure wool will soon have a scarcity value, so now is the time to buy ahead for the autumn. Liberty's, of Regent Street, have a very varied collection of jumpers and cardigans in the softly blended colours for which they are famous. The twin set below, in a very soft Botany wool, is made in pale blue, clematis, a deep green and a vivid red. The jumper, with its softly draped neckline, costs 25s. 9d., the cardigan 29s. 11d. In the same department they have attractive jersey suits, in several colours with white chalk stripes, which would be perfect for a few days' leave in the country

Women who in peacetime appreciated the cut and fit of riding clothes from Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, are now returning there for Service uniforms. They are finding the same expert tailoring, the same easy but accurate fit, the same careful attention to detail. The A.T.S. uniform is shown above; this may be made in barathea or whipcord at the discretion of the Commandant. The shirt may be taffeta or poplin. Moss Bros. also have all the accessories that make up the full equipment, including strongly-soled shoes, lined with leather. Uniforms for the W.R.N.S. and W.A.A.F. are, of course, also supplied. Full details of the necessary equipment, with prices, are given in the catalogue, which will gladly be sent on application

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Hosts who offer Schweppes infer
You're something of a connoisseur

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Loveday—Buxton

Major John Loveday, 16th-5th Lancers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Loveday, of Aynhoe, Banbury, Oxon, and Nancy Buxton, daughter of Major and Mrs. Ivor Buxton, of Stanstead Lodge, Ware, Herts., were married at St. Lawrence's, Seal, Kent

Borrett—Watson

Anthony Thomas Vanneck Borrett, elder son of Captain P. R. Borrett, Scots Guards, and the Countess of Leitrim, and Eileen Mary Watson, daughter of the late Geoffrey Graham Watson, and Mrs. Stewart Johnston, of 46, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.1, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Woodwark—Hopwood

Acting Pilot-Officer Peter Anthony Woodwark, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Sir Stanley and Lady Woodwark, of 4, Harley Street, W.1, and Moira Hopwood, daughter of the Hon. F. J. and Mrs. Hopwood, of Waystrode Manor, Cowden, Kent, and granddaughter of Lord Southborough, were married at Cowden Parish Church

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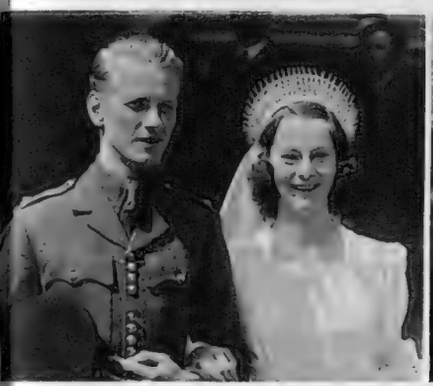
"THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES"

Rothon — Rogers

Lieut. Stephen Francis Rothon, R.N.V.R., and Mabel Rogers were married at St. Mary Magdalen, Brockley, Kent. He is the seventh son of the late W. F. Rothon, and Mrs. Rothon, of 139, Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, and she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, of 79, Grierson Road, Forest Hill

Astley-Jones — Tait

Paymaster Sub-Lieut. Frederick Edward Astley-Jones, R.N., son of A. A. Astley-Jones, of Stockton House, Stockton-on-Teme, Worcs., and Mrs. Piet Van de Byl, of Fairfield, Caledon, South Africa, and Rosemary Alberta Tait, elder daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. W. E. C. Tait, of 29, Sloane Avenue, S.W.3, were married at Chelsea Old Church



Lyle — Perks

Robert Lyle and Felicia Dorothy Perks were married quietly at Holy Trinity, Brompton. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lyle, and hers are Sir Malcolm and Lady Perks, of 40, Berkeley Square, W.1

Rawlinson — Kavanagh

Peter Anthony Grayson Rawlinson, younger son of Captain and Mrs. A. R. Rawlinson, of 9, Marlborough Court, London, and Haidee Kavanagh, daughter of Mrs. Kavanagh, of Dolland, Clonsilla, County Dublin, were married at Brompton Oratory

Allpress — Evans

Kenneth Peter Allpress, only son of W. E. Allpress, of Wolvers, Reigate, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Allpress, and Mary Joyce Owen Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Owen Evans, of Stoke Gap, Stoke Bruerne, Northants, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Brittain — Barrow

James K. Brittain, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Brittain, of Shelly Hall, Suffolk, and Rosemary Barrow, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. D. Barrow, of Farmington Lodge, near Cheltenham, Glos., were married at St. Peter's, Farmington

Jenner-Fust — Wilmer

Lieut. Richard Jenner-Fust, R.N., eldest son of the late Rev. D. Jenner-Fust, and Mrs. Jenner-Fust, of Hill, Glos., and Thea Wilmer, only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. R. G. Wilmer, of 20, Victoria Grove, W.8, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Kent — Costello

Robert James Kent, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kent, of Harborne, Sandbanks, Dorset, and Anthea Costello, younger daughter of Mr. Justice Costello, of the High Court, Calcutta, and Lady Costello, of Red Rock, Topsham, Devon, were married at St. Clement Dane's, Strand

Cooper — Stewart: Ricketts — Royds

A double wedding took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, when Martin Du Pré Cooper and Mary Stewart, Ralph Robert Ricketts and Margaret Adeliza Royds were married. Parents of the first couple are Dean Cecil Cooper, of Compton, near Winchester, and the late Mrs. Cooper, and Lt.-Col. Douglas Stewart and the late Mrs. Stewart. Parents of the second couple are Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Ricketts, and Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. H. Royds

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Where Mayfair Meets....

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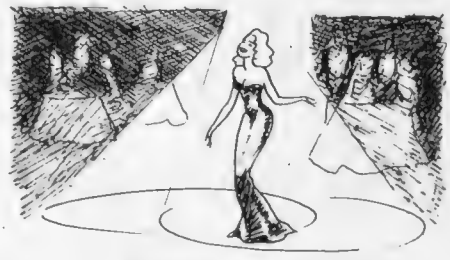
The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The May Fair



Spotlight on cabaret

IN a West End sadly lacking in such things, the May Fair continues to supply brave and glittering cabaret; and, whether for that reason or a number of others, it manages to be full all round the tables all round the week. Just now the lovely Inga Andersen is in the spotlight, singing those oo-la-la songs of hers which have about three meanings to every phrase and another in the delivery. I like them hugely, and so do the May Fair supporters; who, I have noticed, are blessedly that quarter-second quicker on the laugh to slick songs than most other audiences I could mention. Go and hear I. Andersen; she 'll be there for at least another week, I think.

Top-salaried cabaret stars (Wayne, Ridley and de Nys have been recent draws), top-price band (Ambrose to you, and Evelyn Dall singing "Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh!" as only Evelyn Dall can) and not-at-all-top-price feeding and drinking combine to make the May Fair a very lively spot in the evenings, and the average age of the gathering is well under thirty. The young men and their maidens, variously uniformed, are there in their numbers. Quite a lot of officers from Northern regiments find Mr. Frank Fisher, whom they knew across the Border, welcoming them now in London. And Mr. Fisher has arranged prices for week-ends and nights-in-town that suit the leave-taker very well in their all-inclusiveness of the May Fair's comfort and delights—delights which have long been known to that large section of the nobility and gentry who make the May Fair their regular London stay-place.

Prunier's

"Tout ce qui vient de la mer"

PRUNIER'S is carrying on. There is no change in the service they give you, none in the quality, and very little in the actual food (oysters continue, though not French ones, of course). In fact, the bustle and bounty of it is as before, and you would not suspect, if you did not know, that Mme. Prunier herself and a number of her staff have had no news of their families and affairs in France since June 10th.

Actually, Prunier's of St. James's Street is an English company—St. James's Restaurant, Ltd.—and it will remain English, and open, and welcoming right through into better times. Meanwhile it is often very full, always very smart, and invariably very good. Just now, apart from July oysters, the "bouillabaisse en gelée" is highly recommended. Ditto any "Plateau Prunier," which you will find displayed for you on the menu. "Œuf Lucullus" is a special, and, as you 'd expect, the "primeurs" of England are all in St. James's Street.

Prunier's wines have long been known in London, not only as concomitants of Prunier meals, but drunk in the home and laid down in the cellar. Those wines are still available, and none has been increased in price, though their rarity-value has increased almost overnight. And still, don't forget, the tinned "Treasure Trove" delights are going to hungry and appreciative warriors on the battlements of Britain. The sinews of war.

Lansdowne Restaurant

GRAPPELLY is joining Barney Gilbraith's outfit at the end of this week, if he is not already on the stand now. The great Grappelly, whom we first heard (or I did) as the superb swing fiddler of the Hot Club de France broadcasts, a musician with as

much "oomph" in the swing world as Jango Reinhart himself in the next chair. (It was a very great conductor, music critic and wit who left an important first night way back in peacetime, to cut over to the Palladium to hear the Hot Club when they were here for that brief spell together.) Well, things have changed since then, and Grappelly has been playing as guest artist in swing in London for some months and with a huge following. Now he goes to the Lansdowne, and that 's where you will hear him and see him nightly. That is where the town's off-beaters are gathering, and the tempo gets faster as the night ages.

Grappelly at the Lansdowne

Do not forget, though, that Fernandez, who is in charge of arrangements, is not going to allow the Lansdowne cuisine to be shouldered into second place. The menu is becoming more stalwartly British in its offerings, though the more exotic dishes are still orders that are welcomed by the kitchens. My only warning is that, if you are not feeling all that hungry, turn a deaf ear to the poetry of Fernandez's descriptions of what 's good to-day. Otherwise you 'll fall for it, and find you 've eaten too much. Though even at that your bill won't have been as distended as you are yourself. Lunch and dinners, and a radio for keen listeners at news-times in the Farm room near by. Or in the late evening, and then take your best girl and dance it out of your system.

Hatchett's

To meet you now at the foot of the soft-carpeted stairs of Hatchett's is Gerrold. Black-coated, omnipotent and smiling, he will see you to the best table in the room, have you well bestowed, and summon four or five tempting servitors with an equal number of huge dishes of an equal number of local and seasonal delicacies. That, surely, in the way to choose, by sight rather than by word of menu. The Hatchett's Cold Table has long been a fabled delight to gourmets. The charm (or part of it) of Gerrold is that he makes you feel a gourmet yourself, but saves you the bother of pronouncing the words in their original gastronomic argot.

Gerrold of Hatchett's

Lunch is cool and inviting down those stairs from Piccadilly. And for an hour or so in the evening dinner is cool and quiet too. Then the quietness wears off, and the great Arthur Young takes the bandstand with his boys, and it is Music Ho ! for the rest of the night. The diners do not leave unless they have appointments with theatres or something. But the room about now starts filling with the rather young and charming ; tables that at lunch hold four now have parties of eight and more, and the dancing becomes hectic, and the Services have found their home - from - home. They support Hatchett's like nobody's business, and they are the sons, I suppose, of the Service folk who made Hatchett's their club a war ago.

Hatchett's survives wars. Hatchett's has been there since Pickwick's days.

Le Bon Viveur

There is a certain sad appropriety now about that little lamp-standard - cum - signpost that every Bon Viveur knows. PARIS. Voie Interdite. And south to Cannes and Juan, where the sun is hot through the year, and the waters blue and (for a limited season only) dictators are paddling, with staff and lifebelts in attendance. Here is the Cradle of Civilisation, now momentarily rocked by an unlikely pair of hands.

But in London, in the heart of Mayfair, there are some reminders of good places and good times across the Channel and facing Africa. Cooking, too, almost to rival the French familiar, and the equal of any starred fare in the Club des Sans Club list. Davico is your host, and his knowledge of cuisine is as exact as his ability with the many other details that successful club-running puts up for settlement. See him standing ample in the light-blue door of the Bon Viveur, knowing that every other taxi or so in that little street will be bringing keen lunchers and diners to his table. See him, as I did, when that pay-spent Tommy asked him across the street if he could spare a cigarette, reach into his store and produce twenty, at his own wartime cost. Or see him at the trolley fashioning a Crepe Suzette in flames. Thank Heaven that he was wise enough to take out British papers, years and years and years ago.

Sad signpost

There is still minute dancing in the evenings if the customers want it, and still the minute band in the rafters. Still, too, the tables are well occupied and customers well filled.

The New Queen's

On the cooler side of Leicester Square, flanked by half a hundred enormous cinemas, is the New Queen's, Bar and Brasserie, and an excellent spot to know of for lunch, dinner, or, more

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Music by Java and his Orchestra.

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Ruritanian influence

particularly, after dinner. I say more particularly without meaning any stigma on the meals that you get at the New Queen's. You have only to go along at lunch- or dinner-time to see what a success they are ; to choose something to your fancy yourself and find out why. But after dinner and after the theatre or cinema, the folk come in in their (what looks like) thousands. They come and have savouries or sandwiches, and beer, terrific beers ; and they smoke their pipes and signal to Java to give them the songs they want in the way they want them. He obliges ; and just now he is looking at his very best with himself and all his peerage dressed as Ruritanian marauders or something. Which won't prevent him from understanding and reacting to all the call-signs of Western civilisations, and the armed forces thereof. You should go in towards midnight or earlier and just look at the crowds. (N.B. too. Although every other person is smoking vastly, the air of the room is clear and unfuggy. Thanks to a newish air-conditioning machine that the management talk to you about with joy.)

The music does not start till the evening. At lunchtime you should concentrate on the light dishes, salads and Scandinavian-type cold comforts. And if you have beer then, as you will at night, you 'll know that it will be chilled and perfect. Prices ? Not at all West End, up-stage or high-hat.

The Shepherd's Tavern

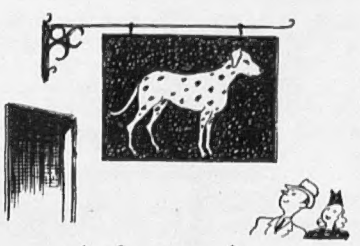
Officers' Mess at Shepherd's

RIGHT away in the Michael Arlen country, the Thither Mayfair of Shepherd's Market, is a public house that is really one of the best suppliers of meals in the whole parallelogram. It is a corner site, painted an Adam green, and decorated in honest Regency style inside. Through the swing-door, and you 're in a bar that is pretty sure to be full in the middle hours of opening, where lovely girls are marvellously ept with bottles and glasses behind the barrier. But on the right, between the bar and that Old Sedan Chair (which would have given Austin Dobson the fright of his life when he discovered that it contained a telephone), is a stairway leading to the restaurant. Here you move into peaceful pastures ; a few tables, with very comfortable chairs, gleaming napery, polished silver, looming waiters.

You would say from looking around the occupants of the tables that this might be an annexe to the War Office, or an overflow Mess for the Guards. Well, they haven't commandeered *all* the tables, thank Heaven ! Or you may have been lucky and thoughtful at the same time and have rung Oscar, who has just come across from the Berkeley Grill to manage the restaurant, earlier and booked your pew. Anyway, it is not going to be my privilege to write about the food you 'll get here this time, because you 'd do far better to go along and try it for yourself.

The Spotted Dog

THIS, as most of you know, is a club, tucked away down Bruton Mews, and sharing an entrance-hall, actually, with the Florida. You turn to the left as you go in, and find a low, attractive, cottage-timbered room, with a small but swift bar on your left again, window-seats around, a grand piano, with, probably, someone playing it very well, and tables for meals further on. This is the Spotted Dog, and a social rendezvous of some eminence, run by the ever-efficient and charming (rare combination in club secretaries !) Miss Fletcher. In these cool surroundings you can come to drink, sit, talk and have very good lunches and dinners. When I was last there the commissariat at the kitchen end was in the hands of a young steward-turned-chef, whose way with a menu showed that he will go far up Escoffier's ladder if he keeps to it.



At the sign of . . .

Those many of you who are members are hereby given a general notice that there have been a few minor changes for the better around the place, and it is very much open and flourishing, in spite of war clouds. Prices are as reasonable as ever. EDAX.

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If there is anyone who never gets a headache, who never wakes up in the morning with a head feeling muzzy and woolly and unable to concentrate and think clearly, this is not for him. But for nine out of ten of us, here is something really important.

When you get a headache, whether it is caused by over-work, or worry or stuffy rooms or smoking too much or even drinking too much, ten to one you 're suffering from an acid condition as well. It 's little good taking something to ease the pain unless you get rid of the acidity as well. Your headache is *bound* to come back.

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ANCIENT HISTORY MAKES FASCINATING READING ... when retold by F. Matania, R.I.

Here is an extract from the story of a Saracen heroine of the year 632 A.D., retold in the July "Britannia and Eve."

Caulah proved to be a worthy sister of Derar, scarcely less brave and daring than her brother. She had no intention of becoming the mere concubine of an infidel, nor would she allow her companions in distress to resign themselves to such a fate. Taking advantage of their last few moments together before they were divided up, she called them round her and spoke these inspiring words: "What? Will you suffer yourselves to be abused by barbarians and become slaves to idolaters? Where is your courage? For my part, I will die sooner than let them lay hand on me!"

One of the older women ventured the objection that their resignation was not the result of cowardice but of hard necessity, as they were unarmed and defenceless. Caulah replied that they should arm themselves with anything they could lay hands on. "Cannot we take each of us a tent pole and stand upon our guard? If by this means we are not able to deliver ourselves, who knows but that God may not come to our aid? If all fails, let us kill ourselves; thus we shall be for ever at rest, and have preserved the honour of our race."

This proposal was adopted unanimously, and Caulah elected leader. The women then armed themselves with any implements they could find, such as tools, sticks, cooking utensils. They discarded their veils and voluminous draperies, and rallied round their fierce-eyed captain. Caulah placed in a group all those who would be useless in a fight, and formed the others in a ring around them, closing all gaps. They had amongst them a number of Hamyarites. These women belonged to an Arab tribe supposed to be descended from the ancient Amalekites. For generations they had been trained to ride horses, handle weapons and even take part in actual combat. They were of inestimable value in such an emergency.

Caulah said to them: "Strike their spears with your staves. Break their swords and their skulls. *Like this!*" So saying, she stepped forward, bringing herself within reach of a Christian sentinel, who was standing lost in amazement, struck a strong blow at his head, and watched him fall, never to rise any more. This was sufficient for the other sentries to raise the alarm and attract the attention of soldiers in the surrounding encampment. Peter was one of the first to arrive. The fierce and threatening aspect of the women made him halt, aghast. Then he addressed Caulah: "What is the meaning of this, my dear?"

The affectionate inquiry was answered as follows: "Woe to you and all your people, Christian dog! The meaning is that we intend to preserve our honour even though we have to beat out your brains with these staves."

Peter laughed at her with an air of affectionate condescension, as though he were dealing with a naughty child; then he ordered his men to surround the women, not to harm them, but to remove them. He knew that they were not likely to give any further trouble once they were separated. He gave particular instructions that Caulah's beautiful skin was not to be marked in any way.

Slowly the soldiers urged their horses to take up positions all round the warlike little phalanx. Her eyes flashing with rage, Caulah shouted: "Well, why do you not approach your sweethearts? Come closer, and perhaps you will receive your rewards at their hands!"

Several of the soldiers came forward at this; but as soon as the horses were within striking distance the women dealt them terrific blows on their legs, causing them to stumble and fall. They then dragged the men from their backs, hitting them again and again, until they lay unconscious on the ground. Peter realised that this affair was assuming more serious proportions than he had anticipated. He dismounted and told his men to do likewise. Then he commanded them to draw their swords, though not without much hesitancy. It was evident that the prospect of attacking women disgusted him. Again he turned to Caulah. (Let us borrow the words of the historian.) "Peter looked with concern upon his mistress, and when he reviewed her beauty and comely proportions and stature, he was loth to part with her, but came near and gave her good words and would fain have persuaded her to desist from her resistance. He told her that he was a man of wealth and honour, that he had many fine estates—all of which should be at her service—and he desired her to have pity on herself and not to be accessory to her own death."

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